TO THE WORSHIPFUL

SAMUEL STURGIS, *Esq*; *Mayor*,

THE

ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS, BURGESSES,

AND THE REST OF THE

Worthy INHABITANTS of the Town of *Northampton*,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is preſented by their moſt Obedient and Humble Servant,

RICHARD CLARIDGE.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Pariſh of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21ſt Day of *December* 1769, to the 21ſt Day of *December* 1770; incluſive of the Perſons (in Number 6) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; and alſo thoſe buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 3; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 7; the Meeting on the *Green* 3.

DISEASES.

Abortive & Stilborn	6	Childbed -	2	Drowned -	2	Impoſthume -	1
Aged	14	Cancer - -	1	Dropſy -	13	Mortification -	4
Suddenly - - - -	2	Conſumption	26	Fevers -	27	Meaſles - -	2
Aſthma - - - -	2	Convulſion -	4	Fits -	17	Fiſtula - -	1

Small-Pox	55
Teeth -	2
Thruſh -	1

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	51	Ten and Twenty	6	Forty and Fifty	17	Seventy and Eighty	14
Between Two and Five	15	Twenty and Thirty	15	Fifty and Sixty	12	Eighty and Ninety	5
Five and Ten -	11	Thirty and Forty	20	Sixty and Seventy	7	Ninety and a Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*To al.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	55	49	104	77	99	176
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	13	15	28	31	27	58
St. GILES'S. - -	22	21	43	25	33	58
St. PETER'S. - -	3	5	8	5	18	23
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Pariſh - - -				8	16	24
In the whole Town.	93	90	183	138	177	315
	Decreaſed - - 4			Increaſed -		121

N. B. Buried of the SMALL-POX this Year---In *All-Saints* Pariſh, and at all the Meetings, 55---St. *Sepulchre*'s 14---St. *Giles*'s 22---St. *Peter*'s 9.---Total 100.

DUST THOU ART, AND UNTO DUST SHALT THOU RETURN. GENESIS iii. latter Part of Verſe 19.

MY Thoughts, that often mount the Skies,
Go, ſearch the World beneath,
Where Nature in all Ruin lies,
And owns her Sov'reign---*DEATH.*

The TYRANT, how he triumphs HERE!
His Trophies ſpread around!
And Heaps of Duſt and Bones appear
Through all the hollow Ground.

Theſe Skulls, what ghaſtly Figures now!
How loathſome to the Eyes!
Theſe are the Heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

But where the Souls, thoſe deathleſs Things,
That left this dying Clay?
My Thoughts, now ſtretch out all your Wings,
And trace Eternity.

Oh, that unfathomable Sea!
Thoſe Deeps without a Shore!
Where living Waters gently play,
Or fiery Billows roar.

Thus muſt we leave the Banks of Life,
And try this doubtful Sea;
Vain are our Groans, and dying Strife,
To gain a Moment's Stay.

There we ſhall ſwim in heav'nly Bliſs,
Or ſink in flaming Waves,
While the pale Carcaſe thoughtleſs lies
Amongſt the ſilent Graves.

Some hearty Friend ſhall drop his Te
On our dry Bones, and ſay,
THESE *once were ſtrong, as* MINE *appear,*
And MINE *muſt be as* THEY.

Thus ſhall our mould'ring Members teach
What now our Senſes learn:
For Duſt and Aſhes loudeſt preach
MAN's infinite Concern.

BRITISH 6 JU 62 MUSEUM